

## ALLIES' WAR LIKE OUR OWN OF '61

Europe Only Has Rediscovered Tactics of Grant and Lee, Says Briton.

By JOHN L. BALDERSTON.

(Copyright, 1916.)  
London, July 30.—As the war of attrition drags its weary length along and the best blood of England is poured out on the Somme without results appearing that loom large on the map, the parallel of the American civil war is in every man's mouth. "Wars in the past in Europe," it is said, afford no lessons for the present, but the war between the North and South was a miniature edition of this struggle, a conflict economic as well as military, which must continue until Germany is crushed as was the Confederacy.

"The problem of the North was in most respects, the problem of the allies," writes John Buchan, the military authority, in a series of the similarities of the American and European wars. Mr. Buchan's views which will appear in the forthcoming volume of his "History of the War," I am privileged to quote. He continues: "Given greater wealth and more men, how could these be used to crush the enemy? The North had to levy armies beyond its wildest dreams. It had to summon the whole of its available man power, and for the purpose of the war, the legal imperative. It had to learn how to train them, so that self-reliance of the volunteer should be preserved under the discipline of the corporate unit. It had to use its navy to hem in the enemy and to starve and cripple the enemy."

**Lesson of Civil War.**  
"It had to find men to lead its armies who could get the full value out of their trench numbers and better equipment. It had to find the right strategical plan and stick to it, disregarding all divergent operations and brilliant show-downs. And when all this had been done, it had to deliver hammer blow after hammer blow until the armed might of the South crumbled to pieces in the field."

"Potential strength was not enough; it had to be made real. Real strength was not enough; it had to be correctly used. Nothing less than a complete and wholehearted national effort availed. But when that effort was made there was victory." Mr. Buchan sees many important parallels between the two wars, which may soothe the feelings of Americans who resent the sneers cast at Uncle Sam in some quarters in Europe for his peaceful disposition and unpreparedness. In our civil war, he writes, we developed most of the features of warfare which Europe has now adopted or rediscovered.

Trench fighting, he declares, is American in origin. "The allied war of trenchments," he writes, "may be paralleled by the trench fighting in the Wilderness campaign. Being unable to turn Lee's flank, Grant was driven to frontal attacks, and he fought as we soldiers fought, for lack of reserves. The American cavalry troops were the forerunners of the British mounted infantrymen. Like our own cavalry, they could fight on foot or on horseback as occasion demanded. The attack by successive lines in open order and by successive rushes was perfected, if it was not invented, by the Americans, and the whole of their minor tactics are worth studying as examples of the devices adapted owing to the novel necessities of the case, like so many of the minor tactics in the present war."

**Was War of Science.**  
"It was also a highly scientific war. Breechloaders and repeating rifles were first employed in it. It was, like the present war, very largely one of engineering, for the existing communications had all to be remodeled. Transport and supply questions bulked largely, and on the side of the North became toward the end amazingly efficient. Grant in the last two years of the war could make the highest demands on his auxiliary services, with the certainty that they would be fulfilled."

The parallel of conscription is dwelt upon by Mr. Buchan. "The North had the case with all new levies, there was a tendency to create new units rather than to keep old units up to strength, a tendency which Britain has not been exempt."

**Political Situations Similar.**  
The political situation in the North in 1861 and in England in 1914 were most similar. Mr. Buchan declares in an argument which for Englishmen contains the comforting inference that because the North won England can win too. "The North was not a military power," Mr. Buchan says in developing this theme, "and the men at its head had no experience of war. Since it was the struggle of a nation for existence, it was not enough to find a good general and give him a free hand."

The whole national strength, military, naval and economic, had to be used, and therefore the supreme direction of the campaign was in the hands of the civilian cabinet. This cabinet was not united within itself, and Congress behind it was an incubator rather than a help. The press, too, wasted much time in futile criticism. Finally, there was no general staff at Washington to give expert advice. Hence, until the rise of Grant, there was no continuity of policy and no cohesion in the strategic plan. "As always happens with improvised armies, the staff work was bad. There were not sufficient good staff officers to go around, and consequently there was an inclination to neglect the thinking part of the army. Almost every battle of the civil war provides examples of faulty staff work."

The strategic scheme of the North was very much that of the allies in the present war—to use its superior strength in men, wealth and position to crush its opponent. It had completely to invest the Confederacy and then press in the sides of the quadrilateral so as to leave the armies of the South with less and less ground to maneuver in and draw their supplies from. The naval part was well done from the first.

The South was rigorously blockaded and in the blockade the North created new precedents. The result was that the South was pinched from the first, and very soon began to starve. "Prices went up to a crazy level. Moreover, practically all the materials of war came from abroad, and if it had not been that the arsenals of the South were well supplied at the start and that great quantities of munitions were captured from the North in the first victories, Lee's army soon have come to a standstill from sheer lack of materials."

In all these particulars, Mr. Buchan contends, Germany is in the position of the South in the sixties, and must come to a similar collapse if the allies wage war with the determination and skill displayed by the North.

Confiscation of timber has been found to be better suited than any other for the production of ethyl alcohol.

## 20,000 AT TRACTOR SHOW.

120 Acres Plowed in Hour As Test.

Special to The Washington Herald.  
Hutchinson, Kans., July 30.—Twenty thousand persons this afternoon saw eighty-seven tractors plow a field of 120 acres. It required only about an hour to complete the work. The occasion was a test of power at the State tractor show. The attendance has been large each day, averaging ten thousand. Today was the big day for attendance. The farmers for miles brought their families and spent the day. The show will continue all week.

## RIVALS FOR CONGRESS WILL DEBATE ISSUES

Virginia Candidates Will Embrace Opportunity Offered by Three-Day Festival at Colonial Beach.

The campaign for Congress in the First Congressional District of Virginia will open at Colonial Beach on August 1. There will be a joint debate between W. W. Butzner, Republican candidate for Congress from this district, and representatives of the Democratic party on questions of State importance. Among the other speakers will be Congressman Wood, of Indiana, and former Secretary of the McKinley administration. There will also be several Democratic speakers, including Col. T. J. Downing, of Lancaster, and Hon. C. C. Baker, of Westmoreland. This date has been chosen because it is the closing day of a three-day festival known as the "Three Days," which has been arranged for by people of the beach, and it is estimated there will be in the neighborhood of from eight to ten thousand people present from the First district and the State at large.

## CHICKEN STEALER FRANK, SO HE STAYS IN JAIL

Special to The Washington Herald.  
Cleveland, Ohio, July 30.—"Why, I'm going to be a crook all my life," it was Pasquale Julienne, most famous chicken thief in the United States, who has been arrested more times than he can remember, speaking. He was applying for a parole from Warrensville, where he had been sent some time ago for stealing chickens.

Needless to say, Pasquale did not get his parole. But he got something else free from Director of Public Welfare Lamar T. Beman. In George Ade's vernacular, it was a "bawl-out."

## THE DAILY ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, Jr.

BEDTIME STORIES.

By DAVID CORY.

Puss Junior Joins the Circus.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
As Puss Junior neared a pretty village his attention was attracted to a large tent in a field. Gayly colored awnings were standing close by, and every now and then a roar or a growl could be heard quite distinctly.

"A circus!" cried Puss, and he hastened forward and entered at a small opening in the fence. As he approached the great tent he heard a voice singing, and stopping to hear the burden of the song he found that it came from a little side tent. It was a woman's voice, quite soft and low, and the words of the song came to Puss, who stood listening:

Oh, father, I'm to be married  
To Mr. Puss, to Mr. Chin, to  
Mr. Neel, to Mr. Lo,  
Mr. Puss, Mr. Chin, Mr. Neel, Mr. Lo,  
To Mr. Puss, to Mr. Chin, to  
Mr. Neel, to Mr. Lo,  
To Mr. Puss, to Mr. Chin, to  
Mr. Neel, to Mr. Lo.

As the last words died away a clown emerged from another small tent. "Nello, Nello!" he called. The owner of the pretty voice appeared in the doorway of her tent. "What is it, Nello?" she inquired; but before he could answer she exclaimed: "Oh, look! See the cat with red topped boots!" The clown turned and gazed at Puss Junior, who came forward and put out his paw.

"Entered at a small opening in the fence."

Won't you join our circus?" said the clown with an engaging smile. Puss did not reply for a moment. He was thinking it over quite seriously. Whether or not it would interfere with his finding his father was the question. While he stood debating as to what was the thing to do the circus lady came out of her tent and cried: "Oh, do join our circus, Sir Puss! I am sure you would be a great attraction. Every child in town would want to see a cat who wore boots!"

At this Puss Junior's face was all smiles. In fact his whiskers curled up in a most laughable way, making his little face quite irresistible. "Thank you both very much," he replied. "But before I answer I must tell you that I am in search of my illustrious parent, the famous Puss in Boots. If I join your circus how am I to find my dear father?"

"Easy as a nod," answered the clown quickly. "We are always on the move. A new town most every day. We never linger long in any one spot."

"No, indeed, we don't!" cried the circus lady. "We give a performance this afternoon and tonight, and then we pack up and are off again."

"You can have one of the circus horses to ride," suggested the clown, by way of encouragement; "you need not travel on foot if you join us."

"That's a big inducement," admitted Puss Junior.

"It's a merry life," added the circus lady, "and when all the little children clap their hands and cry 'Bravo!' it's very exciting."

"I'll join," said Puss; here's my paw!"

"And here's my hand," said the clown, "and here's mine," cried the circus lady. "Come with me," said the clown, "and I'll put your name on the programme and you shall be a regular circus performer from now on." And that is how Puss Junior joined the circus.

The whole number of women employed in munitions making in France, according to the secretary for munitions, is 109,300. Of these 25,293 are in state factories.



Mabel Herbert Urner.

## THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

A Solicitous Management Fails to Reconcile Warren to a Poorly Served Dinner.

(Copyright, 1916.)

"Oh, I hope we can get a table outside," wished Helen, as they went up the gravelled, geranium-bordered walk to the Sea Crest hotel.

"Looks pretty crowded," Warren paused to scan the long dining veranda.

Light gowns, fluttering fans and wilted waiters attested to the heat. A military band, in white uniforms, clashed an accelerated air.

"Plenty of seats inside, sir," persuaded the head waiter.

"What can you give us out here?" demanded Warren.

"Nothing just now. If you care to wait—"

"Oh look, those people are leaving—over there by the railing," interrupted Helen eagerly.

As the departing couple rose, hastily they edged their way through and took triumphant possession of the table.

"Dear, this is wonderful," turning from the soiled dishes, Helen rested her elbow on the railing and gazed out at the smoldering sunset.

The heat mist, shrouding the horizon, dimmed the fiery ball, already slipping into the sea.

"Yes, we're in luck to get this. Look at 'em coming."

A stream of people were turning in from the boardwalk. Pausing on the steps they would glance over the crowded veranda, then reluctantly follow the head waiter into the glaringly-lit dining room.

The sun now almost submerged, a couple of bell boys ran out to haul down the flag that fluttered from a tall staff on the lawn. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and every one rose.

Helen felt a thrill of patriotism as she watched this military ceremony, and gazed out across the ocean, beyond which so many countries were devastated by war. The peaceful crowd about her seemed suddenly very care free and prosperous.

"Here, clear this table—and take my order!"

Warren's sharp complaint grated harshly. It was enough just to sit there and rest, without struggling for service, which she knew from the crowd would be slow.

"This isn't my table, sir. I'll send your waiter."

Frowningly Warren pushed back the soiled dishes and threw over them a corner of the coffee-stained cloth, rescued a match-safe from the clutter, and lit a cigar.

"Is that a large steamer?" she was gazing at the dark speck that headed a trailing length of smoke against the skyline.

But Warren was watching an over-stout woman in an absurdly tight gown, her fat hands crowded with diamonds and lustrous pearls embellishing her ears.

"Jove, I'd hate to buy food for the females around here," he said, his caustic glance wandering on to another robust lady, her pink corpulence bulging her thin white waist.

"You'd hardly think she'd need furs," mused Helen, noting the white fur scarf about her bulky shoulders.

"Bout time to let 'em know we're here," belligerently, his impatience again flaring up. "Hold on, you the waiter for this table?"

"No, sir, I'll send him to you."

Here a perspiring waiter, his shirt front bristling with checks, dashed up, cleared the table and flung on a damply-fresh cloth.

"Where's the roast?" Warren was scowling at the faintly mimeographed dinner card. "No roasts, no vegetables—nothing but soup and cold meat? What the Sam Hill does this mean?"

"Oh, here's a notice," Helen read the note at the bottom of the card. "The new management begs to announce that this is but a temporary menu. Within the next few days it will be sufficiently augmented to afford complete service."

"Huh," growled Warren, "we're in for it all right." Then scanning the soups, "St. Germain—those peas canned or fresh?"

"Canned, sir," admitted the waiter. "Consume them," curtly. "Cold roast beef and a bottle of bass."

"Chicken salad and a claret lemonade," contributed Helen. Then as the waiter disappeared, "Dear, that's not so bad; it's too hot to eat much anyway. But you wouldn't think they'd change management in the middle of the season."

"Oh, these summer hotels are always changing hands. Expensive plants to keep up—and not much doing except Saturday and Sunday."

"There's a light-house?" she was glancing out at the misty horizon, from which flashed a faint revolving light.

The dusk had deepened, and the arc lights on the lawn lit up the benches filled with the boardwalk crowd, that had wandered in to listen to the music.

"Gee whiz, it's hot here! Not a breath of air. Bet it's ten degrees cooler in town," wiping inside his collar. "Bonheads to come down here and put up with this crowd, heat and rotten service. Darned sight more comfortable home."

Another ten minutes and Warren, glaring around for their waiter, was on the verge of an explosive outbreak, when the proprietor approached their table.

"Are you getting served? Your order been taken?"

"It's been taken," emphasized Warren ungraciously.

"Hurry along this gentleman's order," snapping his fingers at a passing omnibus. Then to Warren, "We're a little short-handed tonight. Just took over the place yesterday. Put in a whole new crew—this's our first meal."

"Only since yesterday?" somewhat mollified. "Then you haven't had much time to get running."

"Not with the way they left things. You ought've seen the kitchen. We had seven men scrubbing all night—even pot and pan scoured by morning. We've put in one of the best chefs in the country. What you get here—you'll get clean."

"I suppose some of the hotel kitchens are fearfully dirty," shuddered Helen.

"Well, I know a few restaurants, smart ones, too, where you wouldn't have much appetite if you saw the kitchens. But this new inspection law is going to change all that."

"I hear they're after 'em pretty hard," observed Warren. "Got to clean up or close up. Give inspection cards, don't they?"

"Yes, they've three ratings—good, fair and bad. In any restaurant now you can ask to see their rate card before you give your order. They've got to show it. Then as their tray-carrying waiter approached with a brown, he passed on."

"Oh, I think that's a wonderful law," enthused Helen, who never ate at a restaurant without wiping off the plates and silver, dubious as to their cleanliness.

"Health department's having one of its periodical spasms. Soon die down and things'll be as dirty as ever," shrugged Warren pessimistically. "Let's have that salt-cellar—can't get anything out of this."

"It's the dampness," poking her fork prong through the perforated top. Then musingly, "But surely the really good places and the big hotels are fairly clean."

"Wouldn't bank on it! Management may be all right, but they've got a lot of ignorant foreign help. Here, did that fool waiter go off without giving us any butter?"

"Dear, if they only started in yesterday—I think they're doing well to serve this crowd at all."

"That's all right, but I'd like a napkin, some butter, mustard, and that bottle of bass. If they're not fixed to serve properly—shouldn't open up 'til they are."

"Anything I can get you, sir?" it was the head waiter this time.

Warren repeated his wants, and the head waiter himself supplied them.

"We're not up to the mark this evening, sir," apologetically. "We didn't expect such a crowd."

"Yes, they've been coming in pretty thick," admitted Warren.

"We'll have twenty more waiters on tomorrow night. Monday we start our shore dinner—going to make that a specialty."

"How about the price?" cutting into a thick slice of roast beef.

"Only a dollar and a half, sir. We'll serve a dinner you can't touch anywhere for less than two. And we're going to keep our a la carte bill moderate. Mr. Wilkins aims to make the prices as low as he can serve good food," pausing to refill their glasses as he was called away.

"Drumming up custom," commented Warren with a disapproving sniff at the blackened mustard jar.

"They'll not be so keen when they get going."

A little later the proprietor, again hurrying by, stopped to inquire if they were being well served.

"Dear, they're really very solicitous."

"Well I'd rather have a little better service and not so much solicitude," grunted Warren unimpressed.

"But we must come out and have the shore dinner after they get started," persisted Helen, susceptible to the flattering attention they had received.

"Huh, they're hustling now to make good. They're new and want to get the crowd. But wait 'til they get 'em coming! They'll slam out grade Z food and soak you the limit. Moderate prices!" with a snort. "That song'll last about two weeks."

## AUTO THIEVES ELUDED.

Police Continue Search for Vandal Who Burglarized.

The police of the Second precinct station and Central Office detectives are searching the city for the thief who entered the Crowe Motor salesroom at 1215 New York avenue northwest, one night last week and stole automobile accessories valued at \$200. The stolen articles are made of aluminum and belong to a special Buick auto.

The police are also looking for the robber who entered the home of Bulah Oet, 38 Florida avenue northwest, Saturday night and stole clothing valued at \$70.

## DEMOCRATS VS. G. O. P. IN BASEBALL CONTEST

August 10 Is Date for Annual Championship Issue for "Sweet" Charity's Sake.

A chance to see over a score of the ablest lawyers battle for three hours over a case that does not involve a fee, will be afforded residents of the Capital, on August 10.

These twenty or more followers of Blackstone are all members of Congress, and they will be about evenly divided on the point at issue.

The scene of the contest will not be a crowded, stuffy courtroom, but the well-sodded diamond of American League Park and the lawyers will use baseball bats and balls instead of the ponderous law books to settle their differences.

Twelve of these attorneys are the Democratic members of the House who will try to annex the 1916 Congressional baseball championship. The Republican team will have ten barristers in its line-up.

Incidentally nearly every college in the United States except the well-known "University of Hard Knocks," will have a representative on the diamond in the persons of the forty members who struggle for the diamond honors.

Democracy presents as its lawyer-baseball-political champions, Representatives Webb, Rouse, Oldfield, Nichols, Harrison, Kinchloe, Van Dyke, Rausch, Whaley, Sears, Caldwell, Dill, and Konop.

The G. O. P. has Miller, Norton, Anderson, Johnson, Mudd, Cooper, Chipperfield, Dennison, Gardner, Longworth, and Tinkham.

There are thirty-five men who boast college degrees on the two squads and only five who have no alma mater.

The Associated Charities will enlarge its vacation fund for mothers and poor children with proceeds from the sale of tickets.

**HONOR CARRIZAL DEAD.**

Memorial Services at Cosmopolitan Church for Soldiers.

Several hundred people attended the memorial services in honor of the Tenth Cavalry killed at Carrizal, Mexico. The services were held at Cosmopolitan Baptist Church, under the auspices of the National Evangelistic Ministers of America and Henderson National Civil Rights League of America. Dr. Simon P. W. Drew, president of the alliance, presided.

**Lectures on Socialism.**  
"Would Socialism Inaugurate Hades?" was the subject of a lecture given by Julian Pierce at an open-air meeting at 5:15 o'clock last night at Pennsylvania Avenue and Eighth street northwest, under the auspices of the Socialist party.

## G. W. U. MAKES FINE SHOWING

Membership Jumps from 1,277 to 1,973, but Continued Support Needed.

How individual the George Washington University is because of its location and its student body is told in the latest bulletin of the university, written by Prof. Richard Cobb, secretary.

Using buildings that are mostly rented, and were not built for college purpose, the university is attended by nearly 2,000 students, three-fourths of whom are employed during the day by the government or by private firms.

In the last five years, since 1910, when the university came successfully through a storm of financial difficulty, the registration has been raised from 1,277 to 1,973.

That George Washington University is unique because it is in the Nation's Capital, and caters to a student body that would be unable to attend any other institution, is the argument of Prof. Cobb. Although for the last five years the university has existed on student fees alone, and has maintained a high standard of work at a minimum cost, this cannot be expected to go on forever, he says. But the university is a necessity and it must exist at all cost, and he believes that there is no university in the world with opportunities like those of George Washington.

"Progress comes through nonconformity not through conformity, and George Washington University is forced by its location into nonconformity," Prof. Cobb says in summing up his article.

**HAS FIANCEE ARRESTED ON REFUSAL TO MARRY**

When Mary's Love Cools Frachuk Accuses Her of Stealing a Suit of Clothes.

Special to The Washington Herald.  
Baltimore, July 30.—To square accounts with his bride-that-might-have-been, Miss Mary Jurissa, whose love chilled on the eve of their wedding day, Diana Frachuk, had her arrested this morning on the charge of the larceny of a suit of his clothes.

The happy event was to have taken place on Sunday last, and according to testimony at the hearing at the Central Park police station, this morning Frachuk had had a wardrobe full of clothes moved into Miss Jurissa's home, and had given her a ring. On Saturday, however, Miss Jurissa told him that she did not want to marry him, returned his ring and said that he might call for his clothes whenever he liked. Justice Shaw dismissed the case.

**Phonograph at Funeral.**  
Farley, Iowa, July 30.—When funeral arrangements were being made for J. F. McCue, who was found dead here, it was discovered that no organ or singers were available for the rites. Friends obtained a phonograph and records of sacred music were played.

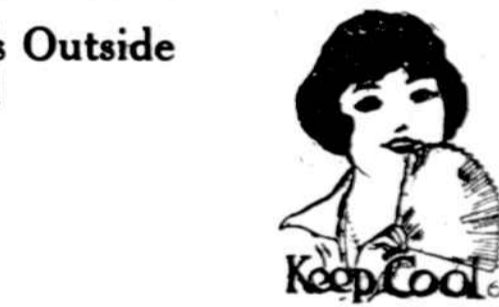
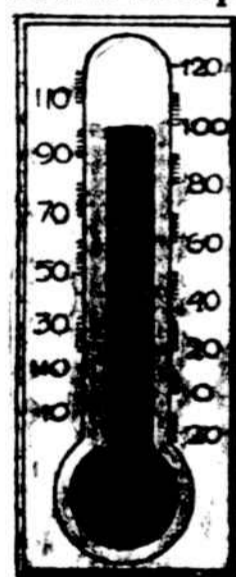
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